



CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)
Once safe on English soil Caussidiere became himself again. He forgot his abject terror and resumed his old manner. Then, before he had been in London many days, arose the question: How was he to subsist? He had little or no money, and such talents as he possessed were not at that time in much demand. A happy thought struck him—he would go down to Scotland, hunt out the rich mistress of Annandale Castle, and perhaps secure some help from her sympathy—or her fear.

Thus it befell that he arrived quietly one day in the town of Dumfries, and within a few hours of his arrival heard that Marjorie was alive and dwelling with her mother at the Castle. Up to that moment he had been in doubt whether the woman he had betrayed was alive or dead—indeed, he had scarcely given her a thought, and cared not what fate had befallen her. But now it was very different. She lived, and by the law of the land was his lawful wife.

His plans were soon laid. He determined to see Marjorie alone, and if she was obstinate and unforgiving, to use what power he had over her to the utmost, with the view of securing present and future help. On reflection, he had not much doubt that he would soon regain his old influence over her; for in the old days she had been as wax in his hands, and her character had seemed altogether gentle and unresisting.

He reckoned without his host. These seemingly feeble and too faithful natures, when once they gain the strength of indignation and the courage of despair, assume a force of determination sometimes unknown and foreign to the strongest and most passionate men.

As matters had turned out, however, it was not with Marjorie herself that the Frenchman had had to reckon, but with her life-long friend and protector, John Sutherland. This pertinacious young hero whom he had always hated, had now fully asserted his authority in giving him the first sound thrashing he had ever received in his life.

Battered, bruised and bleeding, livid with mortified rage, Caussidiere remained for some time where Sutherland left him, and when he at last found speech, cursed freely in his own tongue. Then he paced about madly, calling Heaven to witness that he would have full and fierce revenge.

"I will kill him," he cried, gnashing his teeth. "I will destroy him—I will tear him limb from limb! He has outraged me—he has profaned my person—but he shall pay dearly for it, and so shall she—so shall they all! I was right—he is her lover; but he shall find that I am master, and she my slave."

Presently he cooled a little and sat down to think. What should he, what could he do? Of his power over Marjorie and the child there was no question; by the laws of both England and Scotland he could claim them both. But suppose they continued to set his authority at defiance, what then? They were comparatively rich, he was poor. He knew that in legal strife the richest is generally the conqueror; and, besides, while the war was raging, how was he to subsist?

Then he bethought him of his old hold upon Miss Hetherington, of his knowledge of the secret of Marjorie's birth. It was useless to him now, for the scandal was common property, and Mother Ramor had cried it from house to house till she was hoarse. The proud lady had faced her shame, and had overcome it; everyone knew her secret now, and many regarded her with sympathy and compassion. For the rest, she set public opinion at defiance, and knowing the worst the world could say or do, breathed more freely than she had done for years.

"Thus there was no hope for her. Indeed, look which way he might, he saw no means of succor or revenge. As he sat there, haggard and furious, he looked years older, but his face still preserved a certain comeliness.

Suddenly he sprang up again as if resolved on immediate action. As he did so he seemed to hear a voice murmuring his name.

"Caussidiere!"
He looked toward the window, and saw there, or seemed to see, close pressed against the pane, a bearded human countenance gazing in upon him.

He struggled like a drunken man, glaring back at the face.

Was it reality, or dream? Two wild eyes met his, then vanished, and the face was gone.

If Caussidiere had looked old and worn before, he looked death-like now. Trembling like a leaf he sank back into the shadow of the room, held his head upon his heart, like a man who had received a mortal blow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
CAUSSIDIERE remained in the room for some time, but as the face did not reappear, his courage in a measure returned to him. At last he took up his hat and left the house.

He was still very pale and glanced uneasily from side to side; he had by

this time forgotten all about the child, and Marjorie, too. He went through a procession of by-streets to the police station, saw the inspector—a grim, bearded Scotchman—and demanded from him police protection.

"Protection! What's your danger?" asked the man, politely.

"I am in danger of my life!" said Caussidiere.

He was very excited and very nervous, and the peculiarity of his manner struck the man at once.

"Who's threatening ye?" he asked, quietly.

The repose of the stranger irritated Caussidiere, who trembled more and more.

"I tell you I am in mortal peril. I am pursued. I shall be killed if I do not have protection, therefore I demand assistance, do you hear?"

Yes, the man heard, but apparently did not heed. He already half suspected that the foreigner before him was a madman, and upon questioning Caussidiere a little more he became convinced of it.

After a short but stormy scene with the inspector he walked away, revolving in his mind what he must do to make himself secure.

Of one thing he was certain; he must leave Dumfries, and resign all hopes of obtaining further assistance from Marjorie or her friends. He must remain in hiding until political events veered round again and he could return to France.

He hurried back to his hotel and locked himself again in his room. He drew down the blinds and lit the gas; then he turned out all the money he was possessed of, counted it carefully over, and disposed of it about his person.

His next care was to dispose about his person any little articles which his portmanteau contained; then he drew from his pocket a small box, fixed on the false beard and mustache which it contained, and, having otherwise disguised himself, stood before the mirror so transfixed that he believed even his dearest friend would not have known him.

By the time all this was done it was getting pretty late in the day and close on the departure of the train he had decided to take.

He listened; he could hear nothing. He walked boldly out of the room, and having quietly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, strolled leisurely out of the inn and down the street unrecognized by a soul. He went straight down to the railway station, took a ticket for the north and entered the train, which was about to start.

He had a carriage to himself; the first thing he did, therefore, was to throw the key which he had taken from the room door out of the window; then he traveled on in comparative peace.

It was somewhat late in the evening and quite dark when he reached his destination—a lonely village, not far from Edinburgh. He walked to the nearest and quietest inn, and took a bedroom on the third floor.

That night he slept in peace. He remained in the village for several days, and during that time he kept mostly to his room.

On the night of the fourth day, however, he rang for the maid, who, on answering the bell, found him in a state of intense excitement.

"Bring me a time-table," he said, "or tell me when there is a train from this place."

"There is none to-night, sir."

"None to-night!"

"No, sir; the last train is gone; but the morn's morn—"

"Well?"

"There is one at seven o'clock to Edinburgh."

"Then I will go by it—do you hear? At six you will call me, and I leave at seven!"

The girl nodded and retired, fully under the impression, as the inspector of police had been, that the man was mad.

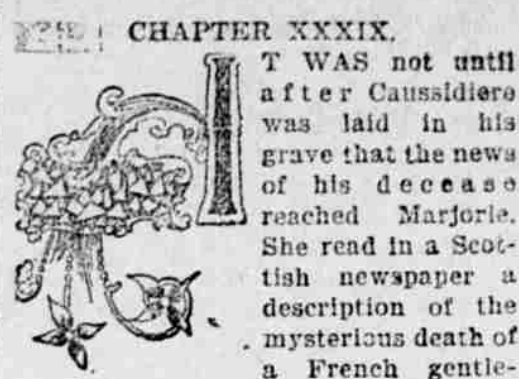
At six o'clock in the morning the maid, with a jug of hot water in her hand, tripped up the stairs and knocked gently at Caussidiere's bedroom door.

There was no reply.

She knocked louder and louder, but could elicit no sound, and the door was locked. Leaving the jug of water on the mat, she retired. In half an hour she returned again. The water was cold. She knocked louder and louder, with no result. Thinking now that something might be wrong, she called up her master. After some consultation the door was forced.

All recoiled in horror. There lay Caussidiere dead in bed, with his false beard beside him, and his eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling.

As there were no marks of violence upon him, it was generally believed by those who stood looking upon him that his death had been a natural one. How he met his death was never known. It was discovered long after, however, that he was a member of many secret societies, that he had betrayed in almost every case the trust reposed in him, and was marked in their black list as a "traitor"—doomed to die.



CHAPTER XXXIX.
T WAS not until after Caussidiere was laid in his grave that the news of his decease reached Marjorie. She read in a Scottish newspaper a description of the mysterious death of a French gentleman in a village near Edinburgh, and suspicious of the truth she traveled to the place in Sutherland's company. The truth was speedily made clear, for among the loose articles found on the dead man's person were several letters in Caussidiere's handwriting, and an old photograph of herself taken in Dumfries.

It would be false to say that Marjorie rejoiced at her husband's death; it would be equally false to say that it caused her much abiding pain. She was deeply shocked by his sudden end, and that was all. Nevertheless, she could not conceal from herself that his removal meant life and freedom to herself and to her child. While he lived there would have been no peace for her in this world.

He was buried in a peaceful place, a quiet kirkyard not far from the sea; and there, some little time afterward, a plain tombstone was erected over his grave, with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
LEON CAUSSIDIERE,
Who Died Suddenly in This Village,
June 15, 18—
"May he rest in peace."

Marjorie had it placed there, in perfect forgiveness and tenderness of heart.

And now our tale is almost told. The figures that have moved upon our little stage begin slowly to fade away, and the curtain is about to fall. What little more there is to say may be added by way of epilogue in a few words as possible.

In due time, but not till nearly a year had passed, Marjorie married her old lover, John Sutherland. It was a quiet wedding, and after it was over the pair went away together to the Highlands, where they spent a peaceful honeymoon. During their absence little Leon remained at the Castle with his grandmother, who idolized him as the heir of the Hetheringtons.

On their return they found the old lady had taken a new lease of life, and was moving about the house with much of her old strength and a little of her old temper. But her heart was softened and sweetened once and forever, and till the day of her death, which took place several years afterward, she was a happy woman. She sleeps now in the quiet kirkyard, not far from her old friend, the minister, close to the foot of whose grave is yet another, where old Solomon, the faithful servant, lies quietly at rest.

Marjorie Annan—or shall we call her Marjorie Sutherland?—is now a gentle matron, with other children, boys and girls, besides the beloved child born to her first husband. She hears them crying in the Castle garden, as she walks through the ancestral rooms where her mother dwelt so long in sorrow. She is a rich woman, for by her mother's will she inherited all the property, which was found to be greater than anyone supposed. She is proud of her husband, whom all the world knows as a charming painter, and whose pictures adorn every year the Scottish Academy walls; she loves her children, and she is beloved by all the people of the pastoral district where she dwells.

The Annan flows along, as it has flowed for centuries past, and as it will flow for centuries to come. Often Marjorie wanders on its banks, and looking in its peaceful waters, sees the old faces come and go, like spirits in a dream. The gentle river gave her the name she loves best, and by which many old folk call her still—Marjorie Annan; and when her time comes, she hopes to rest not far from the side of Annan Water.

THE END.

ENGLAND'S COAL SUPPLY.
Mines Will Last About Four Hundred Years.

"It may now be accepted as geologically certain that between Dover and Bath there occurs a more or less interrupted trough of coal measures of 150 miles in length, and of a breadth varying from two to four miles, measured from north to south." Dr. Hall believes, however, that this trough is interrupted by many flexures and disturbances and that it cannot be expected to compensate for the possible exhaustion of the Lancashire and midland areas, says the Spectator. Nor, though he considers that it must extend under the channel toward Dover, does he think that it could be worked under the sea to any extent with profit; as, except at an enormous depth, the difficulties of intruding water would be too great. Taking each coal field separately, Dr. Hall discusses its probable lateral extension under overlying strata, and, on the basis that about 4,000 feet represent the downward limit of practical working, he arrives at estimates in round numbers of the amount of coal that will be available at the end of the century. The total for the United Kingdom is 81,633,960,999 tons. As the output of coal for 1895 was over 135,000,000 tons, on the extremely improbable assumption that the rate of production, which has more than doubled since 1860, will remain practically stationary, these figures of Dr. Hall would give a life of about 490 years to our coal mines. Within this period, then, an enormous readjustment of social conditions and probably of commercial conditions is bound to occur.

THE NAVY IS IN FIGHTING TRIM

Ships, Men and Money Uncle Sam's Strength.

Congress Authorizes Vast Additions for New Battleships—The Maine to Be Replaced—Marines Also Being Inlisted Under Special Orders—State of War Exists All Along Our South Atlantic Coast—Movements Of Our Warships.

The navy department has now reason to believe that it is secured for two new ships, Amazonas and her sister ship, now building in England for Brazil. It was stated at the cabinet meeting by Secretary Long that the naval attaché at London, Lieutenant Colwell, had almost completed the negotiations for the purchase. So far, however, the final notification from him that his offer has been accepted has not yet reached the navy department.

Authorizes Three New Ships.
Three new battleships of the stanchest type afloat were authorized by the house committee on naval affairs Saturday, and a provision for their construction will be inserted in the naval appropriation bill. At the same time, the committee agreed on a maximum price of \$100 per ton for armor plate for our vessels, increased the force of naval marines by 12,000 and put matters in fair shape for a decision tomorrow on the location of dry docks, probably four in number, capable of accommodating the largest sized war vessels. The committee was in session practically all day and before the decision on the increase of ships was reached there was a long and interesting discussion. Representative Tamm, while favoring an increase, believed two vessels would be ample, and that further expenditure beyond the point of necessity should be avoided. Representative Louscheur of New Jersey protested that if the strength of the navy was to be increased at all it should be to the extent of three new vessels, built and armed to meet any vessel afloat.

Hawley Wants One Cruiser.
Representative Hawley of Texas moved that a cruiser be authorized for one of the battleships, but subsequently withdrew the motion. When the vote was taken there was but one dissenting voice. Mr. Tamm insisted that two battleships would be sufficient to meet present needs. The new warships provided for will be of the finest pattern. It will be two years, doubtless, before they can be placed in commission.

One Will Be Named the Maine.
One of them, the committee decided, should bear the name of the ill-fated Maine. The appropriation for their construction was not fixed, being referred to the subcommittee on appropriations, which will report to the full committee tomorrow. The cost, it is expected, will be about \$5,000,000 each, though for the fiscal year covered in the bill the amount of expenditure may not exceed \$2,000,000 each. An important question was raised as to whether the expenditures for the new ships should be defrayed out of the \$20,000,000 emergency bill, but this subject was passed over.

The committee also agreed on a provision authorizing the secretary of the navy to purchase armor plate, by contract or otherwise, at a cost of not exceeding \$500 per ton. This was agreed to, however, only on the express proviso that the item include the nickel used in the armor, (of which a large outside percentage heretofore has been paid by the government. This limit of armor contract prices has been generally accepted, and with the inclusion of the nickel, met with little opposition in the discussion.

Increase Number of Marines.
One of the most important features of the work on the bill was an agreement on an appropriation of \$125,000 for outfitting, rationing and uniforming 423 additional marines. This increase in the naval force was made the subject of a special and urgent request sent to the house after the submission of the regular recommendations. The question of establishment of new dry docks went over for action tomorrow. It was thoroughly discussed today, and the outlook is that four new dry docks would be authorized, two on the Atlantic coast, one on the Pacific coast and another on the Gulf. If the present expectations are materialized to-morrow these docks will be authorized to be constructed at Boston, Mass., Alameda, New Orleans, Mare Island, Cal., and League Island, Philadelphia.

Carries an Enormous Total.
With the amounts to be paid for dry docks and for armor plate in the aggregate not yet determined that bill as it stands carries in all something like \$30,000,000, which, however, will be largely augmented by the other items. Rapid progress has been made with the bill, and it is likely it will be in shape to report to the house Monday or Tuesday.

Tells All to Practice Economy.
Secretary Long has determined that there shall be no wasteful extravagance in his department in the expenditure of the funds so generously provided by congress, and to this end he has addressed the following letter to the assistant secretary of the navy, the colonial command-

ant of the marine corps, and to each of the bureau chiefs of the navy department: "Sir—Under the emergency appropriation of \$50,000,000 made Wednesday you will incur no expense or liability except after written statements and estimate made by you and approved by the president and secretary, all in writing. A special record must be kept of every such requisition. If any such liability or expense has been incurred by you by oral direction make such written statement and estimate and submit it at once for such approval.

"By order of the president.
"Very respectfully,
"JOHN D. LONG, Sec'y.

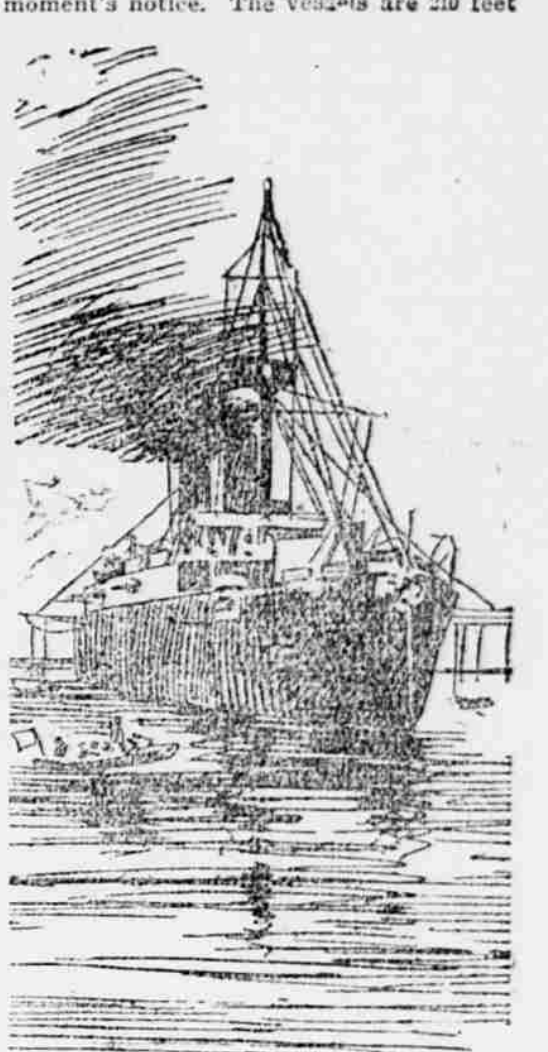
Big Item for Carnegie.
Lieutenant Stone, representative of the Carnegie Steel Company, was at the navy department in conference with the officials respecting the naval work in progress.

The torpedo flotilla at Key West will soon be re-equipped by two new boats, which have been under repairs. The Winlow sailed this morning from Charleston for Key West and the Foote from Norfolk for the same.

The commandant of the Mare Island navy yard reported that the cruiser Mohican had sailed with her cargo of ammunition, which she will tranship at Honolulu to the Baltimore for the Asiatic squadron. The naval officers who are endeavoring to effect the purchase of ships abroad have encountered an obstacle that promises to give some trouble. This is found in the difference between the calibers of the guns mounted on foreign built ships and the United States navy standards. Not only do these guns differ in caliber from our own in most cases, but as they are almost all designed for the use of smokeless powder their combustion chambers are too small to use the ordinary brown powder with which the American navy is still supplied.

Must Buy Powder Abroad.
This obstacle is serious, but not insurmountable. It will require the procurement in Europe of a large quantity of ammunition in special sizes for these ships, as it would require a good deal of time for our domestic ammunition makers to change their plants and make the special sizes. Commander William H. Emery has volunteered to command the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis in the event of the ship's impressment into the naval service, and he will be ordered to join her before her departure from New York next Wednesday, in a capacity similar to that which caused Commander Brownson to sail on the St. Paul. Commander Emery has selected as his immediate staff Lieutenant Nathan Sargent as executive officer, at present recorder of the board of inspection and survey of the navy department, and Lieutenant Frank F. Fletcher

this time begun work on several vessels of the Thornycraft type for use here. Acting upon suggestions received in Washington, however, I have consulted members of three or four shipbuilding concerns in this country relative to the quick construction of vessels of the Thornycraft type. I have been assured by them that, with the detailed working plans of the vessels in their possession and under an ordinary commercial contract—that is, a contract free from all unnecessary red tape—they could collectively complete, by working night and day, a fleet of ten such vessels within seven months. The representative of one firm assured me that it could send out the first vessel within six months. I am authorized by cable by the Thornycraft company to offer to dispose of complete plans of the Thornycraft vessel to this government at practically a moment's notice. The vessels are 210 feet



THE Y PERANGA.
(One of the New Warships Slated for Purchase by the United States.)

long and 25 tons displacement, mounting four six-pounders and one thirteen-pounder, and equal to thirty knots. They are considered the most successful type of torpedo boat destroyers ever constructed. England has already about sixty of them and others building and Thornycraft & Co. are constructing a number of them for Germany and Japan. The plans of this type of vessel can be obtained from the Chiswick yards within three days, and I have every reason to believe that this government will order them."

A Magnetic Island.
A most phenomenal island is that of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to the kingdom of Denmark. It is famous for its geological peculiarities, consisting as it does almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is not only very well known to the navigators of those waters, but also much feared by them, on account of its influence on the magnetic needles, which make the steering of a ship correctly a matter of much difficulty.

In fact, this influence is felt even at a distance of miles, and so palpably that, on the island being sighted by mariners on the Baltic, they at once discontinue steering their course by the needle, and turn, instead, to the well-known lighthouses and other helps to direct their craft. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is also a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigation, and because of its being constantly sub-

merged, vessels have been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influence of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

THE CRUISER PHILADELPHIA.
(Ordered to Join the South Atlantic Squadron—The Swiftest Armored Vessel in the World.)

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